

MRS. MCDONALD'S ENGAGEMENT TO MARQUIS SURPRISE TO WASHINGTON

Miss Hughes Completes Her Wedding Arrangements—Social Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27. (The sensation of the week has been the announcement of Mrs. James McDonald's engagement to Marquis Huntly, former lord rector of Aberdeen University and Premier Marquis of Scotland.

Mrs. McDonald has been a good deal of a figure and something of a mystery socially in Washington for the last five years. She is a handsome woman whom people are wont to call "typically English" only to discover that she is not English, but middle Western. She is a natural blonde, blue eyed and with the ash blonde hair that must have been flaxen when she was a girl. One of her strong points is that she does not try to make herself look like a flapper, but is quite content to be matronly and dignified. She wears good looking clothes and wonderful jewels and is the build and coloring to which evening dress is particularly becoming. On the whole, she has the virtue, without being an old fogey, of not overdoing it.

She came to Washington half a dozen years ago. The first time I remember hearing of her was shortly after the second Wilson inaugural, when the world was at war in Europe and the United States was obviously about to take a hand. She was a widow, evidently twice widowed, since she had a son, Mr. Arthur Bradley Campbell. She happened to sit, during the second Wilson inaugural, near some newspaper women, and got into conversation with them, expressing quite frankly her desire to "break in" and rather naively inviting suggestion. Naturally they have watched her career with interest, and admired the tact of the breaking.

Eventually she took—I am under the impression she bought—a house up at 2331 Massachusetts avenue, the one that the Willerts—Sir Arthur and Lady Willert—occupied for the last several years of their residence in Washington, and which before that had been occupied by the "Washington Close Up" yoke (he of the "Washington Close Up" yoke) had lived. It was in an eminently desirable part of town; practically on Sheridan Circle, but a comparatively modest house. The White House busbys—Mr. Busbey being a veteran newspaperman who has for the last twenty years been known to fame as "Busbey"—had the one next to it and Joe Cannon—had the one next to it and exactly like it for several years. There was nothing spurious or sensational about it.

Too Part in Charity Events. Mrs. McDonald entertained a good deal, but not too much and not too showily. She always took part in the big charity events. I remember her as being one of the late Mrs. Fessenden Meserve's ablest and most active helpers in the Russian relief work during the early years of the war, when brilliant, beautiful Russian dances were the order of the day—or night. She had a wonderful kakoshnik, and how well she did look in it! She has contributed generously but conservatively to almost any "cause" that seemed deserving.

Naturally people soon began asking "Who is she, Mrs. McDonald whom we find suddenly in our midst and apparently quite one of us?" Nobody seemed to know the answer. She was the widow of James McDonald, manager for the Standard Oil in England. Everybody got as far as that. And evidently she had been a widow when she took the Standard Oil, since her son was Arthur Bradley Campbell. But before that? Well, it seems to be generally believed that she was the wife of the Chicago man who was killed in the West, and if Chicago can be counted as West, she seemed entirely wrapped up in her son. In showing his fortunes and getting him with the right people. He was an American, though English appearing in manner and speech, presumably having been brought up there and attended English schools.

When the United States entered the war the boy got a commission, went into an O. T. C., you know, and wore the uniform as well as most, though he didn't get over. He was stationed for a long time down in Georgia, and Mrs. McDonald went down there and took a house to be near him. Later he has broken into the diplomatic service—I forget whether he took the usual examination and entered as a very young attaché, regularly in the service. It seems to me, however, that he went down to Chile with Dr. William Miller Collier as his personal secretary.

My understanding was that Mrs. McDonald was to sail soon to join her son down there for the summer. But so far she has been in Washington. I saw her about a week ago, at the corner of Seventh and E streets, the heart of the rather cheap shopping district—listening anxiously to a man who seemed to be directing her how to get somewhere. It occurred to me that she was rather off her beat, and I wondered how she ever came to stray so far from her limousine. Then I realized that it was only a little more than a block from the Shubert Garrick, where they were rehearsing Mrs. C. C. Calhoun's little play "A Marriageable Mother," with Mrs. Calhoun in the leading role, and she and Mrs. Calhoun played around a good deal together, which probably accounts for her being there. She was one of those who went into the National Woman's Foundation which Mrs. Calhoun organized, something over a year ago, with the purpose of buying up the big Dean tract and establishing a great clearing house for all sorts of progressive uplift activities of women, a beautiful vision, which rather went on the rocks when they tried to work out the details.

There was an eruption of some sort. I doubt if any one really knows exactly what happened, but it ended with the Woman's Foundation in the hands of Mrs. James Carroll Fraser and Mrs. Borden Harriman, and Mrs. Calhoun on the outside looking in. It seems rather too bad, for certainly she "burned" the scheme and worked very hard for it, and raised a lot of money for it, and interested all sorts of influential people. Mrs. Frances Burrill Hoffman and Mrs. Lewis Nixon of New York were with her heart and soul, and I believe remain with her in the Woman's Universal Alliance, of which Mrs. McDonald is first vice-president, and which may or may not march on to victory, while the original Foundation is apparently rather up against it, and has lost its control of the Dean property on which the Mussons now hold an option and on which they propose to rear a wonderful Masonic temple, which will overlook the entire city.

Met in London Years Ago. To return to Mrs. McDonald and the Marquis Huntly, it seems that he and Mrs. McDonald had met in London years ago, when his wife and her husband were still living, and that just recently, when he was over here, he met her. Both of them seem to be quite happy. Bethlehem Chapel is a lovely place for a wedding. Bethlehem Chapel is getting to almost rival "old St. John's" in fashionable esteem, especially for the spring and fall weddings when the couples of the Cathedral Close are so lovely and offer such opportunities for bridal pascency if one's taste happens to run that way.

As for the reception at the Pan-American, I can only recall one wedding reception there—that of the late Representative Henry D. Flood of Virginia and his bride, who was Miss Anna Porter—about ten years ago. Mr. Flood, as head of the Foreign Affairs committee of the House, had the privilege of using the Pan-American Building when he wanted to give parties. The Secretary of State has the same privilege, and has frequently availed himself of it when he wanted to entertain officially. But this is the first time that he has used it for what might be regarded as a "private" party. I don't recall that the Latin American diplomats have ever used the building for a wedding, but it has more than once been used for debuts and dances. Certainly it will be an ideal place for Catherine Hughes's wedding reception.

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Which reminds me that the interest of the wedding is not only in the fact that she is likely to be rather few and far between. There is a shortage of Cabinet girls, Miss Alissa Mellon and the two Wallace girls and Miss Hughes being all there are of them. Plans for the wedding are pretty well completed, and it is likely that some of the Baptists, who have been rejoicing that this was a Baptist Administration, with the President and the Secretary of State at the head of the list, both of them Baptists, to learn that the ceremony is to be performed in Bethlehem Chapel of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul—Bethlehem chapel being all there is finished of the projected Washington Cathedral. The explanation is quite simple. While the Hughes family belong to Calvary Baptist Church—and are active in church work and regular in their attendance—a member of the Episcopal Church while attending the Cathedral School for Girls, from which she was graduated, just before her father was nominated for the Presidency and resigned from the Supreme Court bench to make the campaign.

Bethlehem chapel, while it is a beautiful setting for a wedding, is a tiny little place, and consequently the company invited to the ceremony is comparatively small. It would have to be, Miss Hughes has announced her wedding party, and it is rather noticeable that there isn't a Washingtonian in it. Perhaps, however, that is natural, since her schoolmates at the Cathedral School and her colleagues at Wellesley afterward would be no more likely to be from Washington than from anywhere else. In fact, I believe that her maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth Kirkland of Nashville, Tenn., was her particular chum both at school and college.

Two Matrons of Honor. She is to have two matrons of honor, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., of New York, and her prospective sister-in-law, Mrs. J. R. Dunlap of Ohio, who is Mrs. Waddell's sister. You remember Mr. Waddell was an Ohio man, at least his family all live in Ohio, before he went to New York and settled down in business there, so the President's home State is likely to be the first wedding of his Administration circle. The wedding party is to include two engaging little pages—the bride's two little nephews, Charles Evans Hughes and Stuart Hughes—small grandchildren of the Secretary of State.

Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., and J. R. Dunlap, husbands of the two matrons of honor, will be among the ushers, as will James Alexander of Atlanta, Kenneth Gaston of New York, Byron Blaisdell of Boston and Ralph Ballard of New York. For his best man Mr. Waddell has picked Gerald Fessenden Beal of New York. There will be considerable rather quiet entertaining, Miss Hughes, but as the men of her wedding party can't assemble until the day before the wedding there will be little chance for entertaining the whole party.

The cards are entirely conservative and conventional. You wouldn't expect anything like a new wrinkle in wedding cards from people like the Hughes family. They don't take kindly to wrinkles in their own or in such general usages as to be completely ironed out. But if you are interested in details, they are printed on rather a small sheet which folds into a square envelope of the type which the stationers probably call by quite another name—like the engraving on what print dealers call an "open letter proof," you know. And it reads quite conventionally: "The Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes request the pleasure of your company," at such a place and on such a date. The margin of the sheet stands up like the mat on a picture. There is no inside

To Entertain Admiral Pakenham. The British Ambassador and Lady Geddes are preparing now to welcome Admiral Sir William Pakenham, commander of the North Atlantic and West Indian station, who arrives here Monday with his flag, the H. M. S. Raleigh and his staff. The Raleigh is to be anchored in Potomac Basin for a week or more, and while they are here there will be some very interesting and important business to be done. The Embassy will, of course, extend itself to do honor to the head of the British naval forces on this side of the

Hotel Roofs Open for Season A view of the roofs of the hotels shows everything hustling and bustling to be ready for the hot spell to come. Two of the hotels are already open for summer dining and dancing, the Pennsylvania, and, over in Brooklyn, the Hotel Roosevelt, which last night opened its marine roof. The Belvedere, Majestic, Astor, McAlpin, Waldorf, Beaux Arts and Delmonico's will soon be open for the warm weather.

Preparations are under way for the opening of the Hotel Astor roof garden and Belvedere restaurant, which is scheduled for the early part of June. Many changes are being made which will add to the attractiveness of this dining place.

Basel Durant, formerly of Delmonico's, and Miss Constance Bennett, his dancing partner, continue their act at the Knickerbocker grill. Miss Bennett is the daughter of Richard Bennett, the actor.

The Cafe des Beaux Arts, at 80 West Fortieth street, is presenting a production entitled "The Step Along Revere." It is a girl and music number. The Beaux Arts has a roof garden facing Bryant Park.

This week witnessed the opening of the Hotel Beau Rivage, at the foot of Emmons avenue, Sheepshead Bay. The main feature is its shore dinners. The Beau Rivage is on the bay and is accessible by motor boat or automobile. A dance floor and music by the Viennese Ladies Orchestra are added attractions.

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Girl Scout Bride Decorated. While I'm talking about weddings, there was an interesting little affair to that of Helen Hopkins and Victor Zolov. The bride was decorated on Friday of this week. Mrs. Victor Zolov was "decorated" by Mrs. Hoover as a credit to the Girl Scouts. You remember I told of Helen Hopkins's adventure in the Knickerbocker Theater disaster? And how she kept her head, to the ultimate salvation of herself and those around her? Shortly afterward she was recuperating from injuries and shock her engagement to Victor Zolov of Philadelphia was announced. I think, to counteract the impression made by incurably romantic reporters that she was engaged to the man who was killed that night and who was killed at her side, as the stranger who sat at her other side. He was an old and dear friend of her family, but not a man to whom there was any question of her being engaged, while as a matter of fact Mrs. Zolov was very much in the running, though the engagement had not been announced.

They were not sure just when they would be married. Mrs. Hopkins told me that it depended on how Helen progressed in her recovery and to some extent on Mr. Zolov's business and his demands on him. But quite suddenly about three weeks ago, Randolph Hopkins, Helen's father, died. And very quietly last week his daughter was married, her mother giving her away. The wedding was a small affair, and Mrs. Zolov was to go out to the coast on an important business trip and his bride returned to Washington to await him. Soon they will go to the home prepared for her in one of those picturesque Philadelphia suburbs out on the main line.

Meanwhile the Girl Scouts, an organization in which she was a troop captain, decided to honor her as a splendid exemplification of the qualities they try to develop. Hence yesterday's ceremony in which she was presented to the national president of the Girl Scouts, you know, and she herself presented to Helen Hopkins Zolov the Girl Scouts' bronze medal for valor, awarded for her bravery and resourcefulness in the Knickerbocker Theater disaster of last February. It was a pretty and interesting ceremony, and after it Mrs. Hoover served tea to the Scouts and a few other friends who had gathered to take part in it.

It occurs to me that I can almost hear you asking whether the little Hughes girl, Elizabeth, who has been down in Bermuda all winter, will come up for her sister's wedding. I understand that she will not. She is much better than she was, but not very strong and they think the excitement would not do her much good. I understand she is to come to Washington a little later in the month, after the wedding and after the family has moved out to Greystone, the Armat place on the edge of Rock Creek Park, which Secretary Hughes occupied last summer and which he has taken again this year. Mrs. Saunderson, who has been occupying it all winter, is building for herself a wonderful suburban place, they tell me, out near Westover and Orchard Hill, the two Glover places. I believe she gives Greystone up the first of June, but the Hugheses will not move into it until after the wedding, though it is probable that they will use it for some of the out of town guests who will come for the ceremony. For although Secretary and Mrs. Hughes have all sorts of Washington affiliations, having been members of the Supreme Court circle for five years, and now, of course, members of the Administration circle, still most of the family connections have been in such general usages as to be completely ironed out. But if you are interested in details, they are printed on rather a small sheet which folds into a square envelope of the type which the stationers probably call by quite another name—like the engraving on what print dealers call an "open letter proof," you know. And it reads quite conventionally: "The Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes request the pleasure of your company," at such a place and on such a date. The margin of the sheet stands up like the mat on a picture. There is no inside

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Park, at Chillum, Md., and the day will close with Mrs. Henry Getty Chillum's dinner. Then the next day Col. and Mrs. Stephen L'Honnadieu Slocum will entertain them at luncheon; there will be a reception on board the Raleigh in the afternoon, and in the evening they will be guests of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

That is the program mapped out for these first days of the summer. At least it's most of it—and people are still trying to wedge in parties—and it is not improbable they will succeed.

The first discussion of the summer White House. Probably the Mayflower will serve the purpose this summer as it did last—with occasional visits with some of the President's old time Senatorial buddies. The Alaska trip is in abeyance—very much so. There is no question that the President and Mrs. Harding both want very much to make it, but there is the boggy of "public business." Meanwhile Mrs. Harding has had the Mayflower out for the first time this summer, and a group of ladies of the Senate down the river for a few hours' run. The ladies of the Senate, the name under which a little organization of Senators' wives—or daughters or sisters or mothers—the ranking lady in each Senatorial household—work and play and eat weekly luncheons.

Mrs. Harding was a Senatorial chaperone at the time that it was organized by Mrs. Marshall, originally for war work, and it worked hard so long as war work was needed; and when she went to the White House she retained her membership—the organization continuing to promote acquaintance and good fellowship among the wives of Senators and make things a bit easier for the newcomers. Not regularly, but several times since she has been in the White House, Mrs. Harding has joined her old playmates at their Tuesday luncheon down at the Senate office building, and so she invited them—in building, of course, Mrs. Coolidge, who is ex-officio the head of the organization—for the Mayflower's first trip. The invitation was tentative—depending on the weather. But "Harding luck" or "Coolidge luck" has been pouring for a couple of days before Mrs. Harding planned her river party. The Horse Show had closed in a deluge. It even rained that morning. But by noon the clouds had fled, and by 2 o'clock, the hour set for the Mayflower's start, it was a radiant afternoon—quite perfect for such a trip with part of the Marine Band to make music and afternoon tea served on the deck during the homeward run. Certainly Mrs. Harding's yachting season opened well.

On Wednesday there will be a dance for the visitors at the British Embassy and that same day Mr. Frank Brett Noyes will entertain them at luncheon. Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff will give a tea in their honor and Mrs. Joseph Leiter and Anne Hamlin will be hostesses at dinner preceding the embassy dance.

Admiral Pakenham will entertain at dinner on board the Raleigh on Friday, preceding the dance which the officers of the Mayflower will give on board the Presidential yacht that evening, and that same day Admiral Pakenham will be the guest for whom Irwin Laughlin of the State Department will entertain at luncheon Saturday of next week, June 2, is the King's birthday, and the embassy will do the entertaining. There will be a dinner at the embassy, with heavy and resourcefulness in the Knickerbocker Theater disaster of last February. It was a pretty and interesting ceremony, and after it Mrs. Hoover served tea to the Scouts and a few other friends who had gathered to take part in it.

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ing through the state apartments and asking more questions than any one—even the White House attendants and guards who have been on duty there for years, and thought they knew the answer to every possible query through long experience with tourists—could answer. And that party is to be repeated this year, probably within the next two weeks.

Entertainers for Vice-President. The Coolidges have been comparatively quiet of late. The fury of entertaining, which for a time ranged around them, seems to have rather spent itself. There have been several luncheons "in honor of Mrs. Coolidge" within the last week but the only real event to which the guests were invited—to meet the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge—was the Persian Minister's dinner, on Thursday night—a picturesque affair with distinctive features and certain dishes unknown to Western palates. It was a company of about twenty, among whom were the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes and the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes.

That same morning Mrs. Coolidge was out at Fort Meyer to a breakfast which Col. William C. Rivers, commandant of the post, and Mrs. Rivers gave at their quarters as part of a belated birthday celebration of the Third Regiment Cavalry—a famous old regiment which happens to be stationed at the post. Mrs. Coolidge was planned for Friday of last week—the regiment's seventy-sixth birthday. But it was postponed because of inclement weather, as part of the ceremony was review of the regiment by Gen. Pershing, Chief of Staff, and Gen. Anson Mills, who had once commanded it, and was a member of it at its inception—who, just before the review, presented it with a new stand of colors. At least that's what they told me but I think it must be a mistake—for while Gen. Mills is well, he's "getting along." There's no denying that—still he isn't old enough to have been an organizing member of a regiment seventy-six years ago.

Col. Rivers' breakfast was a sure enough breakfast, for the review took place at 10 o'clock, and the breakfast preceded that. The whole little ceremony was a very pretty one. Col. and Mrs. Rivers had received with them Mrs. Walker, widow of Maj.-Gen. John T. Walker, who, as a bride of Lieut. Water, joined the regiment in 1858, as well as Gen. Pershing and Gen. Mills, an interesting little receiving party. And in spite of the early hour, there were army and navy officers aplenty, and not a few members of the diplomatic corps, as well as a scattering from resident society out to pay their respects to the old regiment and to Col. and Mrs. Rivers.

You may have noticed that one of Washington's favorite indoor sports is celebrating birthdays. That is probably because it has such interesting ones to celebrate; birthdays of nations for instance, and national heroes. Early this week it celebrated the ninety-fifth anniversary of Gen. Horatio Gates Gibson—the oldest living graduate of the military academy at West Point, and the oldest member of the Army Club—made up of officers who fought in the Mexican War. The club has been in the habit of having a birthday reception for him for years past, and on Monday night the usual custom of calling on him in a body. The house up on N street was abloom with flowers, and the General received congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the country. His two daughters, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. White received with the veteran, and his son and his stepson, yet another daughter, granddaughters and grandsons, and half a dozen grand children were there at one time or another during the afternoon.

Birthday of Cuban Republic. Last Saturday night there was the birthday of the Cuban Republic, which the Cuban Minister and Mme. de Cespedes celebrated with a highly official dinner in honor of Secretary and Mrs. Hughes, with the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand and half a dozen others of the diplomats and their wives in the company. Before that Mexico had a celebration in its new embassy—even though there has not been a Mexican ambassador here for several years. And Spain, recently celebrated King Alfonso's birthday, and Norway celebrated its birthday—the date of its separation from Sweden and its establishment as a separate and independent kingdom. You see there are all sorts of national fetes which Washington, as a matter of international courtesy is called upon to celebrate, thereby presumably contributing to the entertainment and variety to the season's grint of hospitalities.

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